

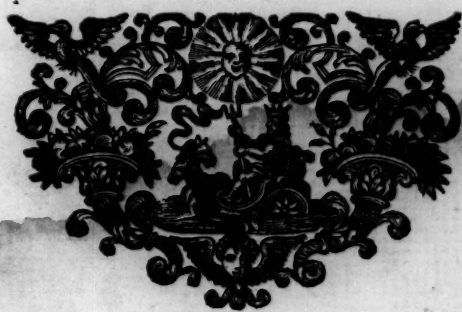
THE
HAPPY LIFE.
AN
EPISTLE

To the HONOURABLE

Lieutenant General WADE.

*Extrema per illos
Iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.*

VIRGIL.



LONDON:

Printed for T. GREEN, at Charing-Cross.

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THE



HAPPY

AN

EPISTLE

To the Honorable

Lieutenant General W. D. E.

London

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Printed by T. GREENE, at the
MIDCOTT

34-33
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THE
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AN
EPISTLE

To the HONOURABLE

Lieutenant General *WADE*.

WHERE can the Muse a sure protection
find,
If not from him who is the Muse's
Friend?

O great in Arms! attend my Infant Lays,
And screen from blighting Bards the op'ning Bays.
Not *WADE* I sing; be that th' advent'rous Song
Of those, to whom such lofty Strains belong:
A nobler Bard the grateful Work shall give,
And bid, in potent Verse, the Hero live;
Shall say how early to the Field he rose,
And what his Country to his Conduct owes.

Not

NOT MARLBOROUGH's self more Honours had enjoy'd,
 Had you the Fate t' have been, like him, employ'd :
 As nobly had you trod the path to Fame ;
 As wide your Conquest ! your Success the same !

BUT humbler far my Theme. The happy Life,
 And the Retreat I sing ; how free from Strife,
 From ev'ry bold Inquietude and Care ;
 And what the Blessings which inhabit there.
 But, O ! how diff'rent are our thoughts of Bliss ;
 In various shapes we court our Happiness.
 Some only wish for all the pride of State,
 And think, that to be happy's to be great ;
 Others neglect the Splendour of a Court,
 For Wine, or Women, or the rural Sport.
 The griping Miser, to augment his Store,
 Pines thro' excess, and 'midst of Wealth is poor ;
 'Till the wild Heir, the forded heap obtain'd,
 Spends as profusely as the Father gain'd.
 The mimic Fop in rich Embroidery shines,
 To nothing more his empty Head inclines ;
 While each new Mode his gaudy mind deludes,
 A well-made Suit his Happiness includes.
 Th' advent'rous Merchant trusts the faithless Main,
 Wealth is the Prize, and all his hopes are Gain :
 To distant Climes the rich-fraught Vessel flies,
 Happy, if safe ; but if she sinks, he dies.

Not

Not so I wish ; would Heav'n indulgent give
Me choice of life, 'tis thus I ask to live.

BUT first the Muse to whom such strains belong,
Inspire each thought, and aid the rural Song!

FAR from AUGUSTA, that polluted place!
Where Heav'n-born Virtue veils her lovely face ;
Where Vice in ev'ry horrid Shape appears,
Nor more in Youth than in decrepid Years !
Where merit and true worth remain obscur'd
While Pimps and Coxcombs are alone preferr'd :
To some fair Mead, near to a River's side,
Whose glad'ning streams thro' all the Country glide,
I would retreat ; and there I would command
A well built house, on as well nurtur'd Land ;
Just big enough to entertain my Friends,
With share of what my bounteous Giver sends :
So situate upon a rising ground,
As to afford a Prospect all around.
Such rural Scenes the grateful sense delight,
While various Views the wand'ring Eye invite.

My Furniture, tho' good, should yet be free
As well from Pomp as Superfluity ;
No costly Arras should my walls adorn,
The young Heir's folly, and the wise Man's scorn :
What tho' my Side-board glitters not with Plate,
Nor boast of Velvet wrought in Beds of State ;

Will their Extravagance enhance their use,
Or is it Wisdom to be thought profuse?

I'd have a Garden, by myself design'd,
Well stor'd with choicest fruit of every kind,
For a Desert as often as I din'd. }

No costly Fountains, or the gay Parterre
I ask, nor antique Busto's to revere;
A Riv'let here should murmur thro' the Glade,
While full-grown Trees form there an awful shade:
I ever thought, that a plain verdant field
To art unknown, did more true pleasure yield,
Than all the boasted Elegance of STOWE;
Or the more blissful Scenes of CHISWICK know:
For tho' sublimest Taste is there express'd,
It is but mimick Nature at the best.

Nor would I be without a mod'rate hord,
Of the best Wine OPORTO could afford;
For this good Creature, tho' so much abus'd,
Is yet a Cordial if discreetly us'd:
And such as I would heartily commend,
To chear the drooping Spirits of a Friend.

No more Servants should by me be hired,
Than what my need, or my Estate required;
They are a Curse intail'd upon the Great,
An ill-judg'd pomp, I do by nature hate:

And

And 'tis a Maxim to be well observ'd,
That he's serv'd best who is by fewest serv'd.

AND that each hour might find a fit employ
(For who would ought of this short life destroy)
Retir'd from Noise, amidst a joyning Grove,
My Soul an humble Study would approve:
Not many Books, but what I had, should be
From Vice and useles Controversy free.
The *sacred Writings* should the Fabrick grace,
Prophane that Study where these want a place;
And justly these demand our chief regard,
For next to God, we should revere his Word.
The Sons, indeed, of this discerning Age,
Have brought a new Religion on the stage;
And think they've found a better way to Heav'n,
Than what was to their wiser Fathers giv'n:
They've disengag'd their Minds from holy cheat!
All must be Demonstration, or Deceit!
Basely submitting to be thus deceiv'd,
Since what's demonstrated is not believ'd.
All that's reveal'd 'tis laudable to know,
But human Reason cannot higher go;
The first Man's fate should a sad warning be
To the presumption of posterity.
Here the next place should the best Moderns find,
Both to Solace, and to Improve the mind:

Here

Here I'd contemplate on the Host above,
 While NEWTON tells me how those Bodies move;
 Or read the beauties of the verdant Plains,
 In COWLEY's manly odes, or WALLER's melting strains.
 Here reas'ning LOCK, and courtly ADDISON,
 And all the laurell'd sons of Helicon;
 With MILTON, chief! in pure and matchless stile!
 Should in their diff'rent ways the time beguile:
 Nor POPE, nor WELSTED should be banish'd hence,
 The one for Numbers fam'd, and one for Sence.
 In ev'ry Science I would have the best,
 And some of these should be my daily guest.

IN this Retreat at each Return of Day,
 I'd to my God an early Tribute pay:
 Nor should this my gratitude suffice,
 I'd offer here an Ev'ning Sacrifice.

To this I'd add, a moderate Estate,
 Too small for Envy, for Contempt too great;
 Enough to satisfy my Wants, and more
 To serve a friend, or to relieve the poor;
 For as I freely did from heav'n receive,
 So to the needy I'd as freely give.
 Thus should I live from all incumbrance free,
 Nor know the Doctor's or the Lawyer's fee,
 And as we live not for ourselves alone,
 No poor Relation would I e'er disown;

For

For sure there cannot be a nobler tye
 Than that that's knit by Confanguinity.
 The forrowing Widow, and the Fatherless,
 Like thee, O WADE ! I would with Joy redrefs :
 Nor should my neighbour e'er have cause to say,
 My fland'rous Tongue had stoll'n his fame away.

No Party Factions should my Mind engage,
 Which bear down Virtue with resistless rage ;
 My firm adherence to the Church should prove
 My Faith ; and Loyalty my Country's love :
 Nor Bribe, nor Promise should my Vote controul,
 I'd serve my Country with a Roman Soul.
 If need require, he merits most applause,
 Who ventures most in so sublime a cause.

And O, kind Heav'n ! if I may yet proceed,
 I've still to ask, what all I've ask'd exceeds !
 A fair Companion, of the fairer kind ;
 This of all Blessings is the most refin'd :
 For oh ! the sum of Earthly happiness,
 Is to love her who does not love me less :

Adam enjoy'd not life without this aid,
 Tho' he in *Eden* and perfection made.
 To new-form'd man this fairer form was giv'n,
 The last, and yet the fav'rite gift of Heav'n.

Thus then permit ; that this Companion be,
 From ev'ry Vice and affectation free ;

Give her a Virtuous and Heroick mind;
 To all the accidents of Life resign'd;
 Prudence, each rising passion to subdue,
 As MYRA fair; and as FIDELIA true:
 A sober reason, by true Faith confin'd;
 A nervous Soul to female softness joyn'd:
 Tho' young not light; tho' gay yet no Coquet;
 Free without censure; Good without regret.
 Her Fancy sprightly, and her Judgment strong;
 With a melodious Voice well-tun'd to song:
 That when with age or mighty pains oppress'd;
 Musicks soft charms might sooth my soul to rest.
 Not only fair but fruitful should she be,
 To bear my Name to late posterity;
 This promis'd mark of the Creator Love,
 Is giv'n to those who God-like ways approve.
 This last, best Boon, would consummate my bliss;
 Tis such I ask, and such VICTORIA is.

With this fair creature I'd contented live,
 Nor envy Statesmen, or what they can give;
 Let others at their Levees fawn and bow,
 My Happiness could no addition know.
 I'd care not who his Prince's frown incurr'd,
 Or what new Fav'rites to his Place preferr'd:
 Let them enjoy their transitory State;
 I my VICTORIA, and my rural Seat:

And

And O, thrice happy he who never knew
Ought but his native soil ; who has no view,
Or thought no more than his paternal due.
Who lives secure, enjoys a blest Retreat ;
And shuns the noise and follies of the Great.

Thus WADE I wish ; and this the Happy Life,
As free from Envy, as it is from Strife :
Thus would I pass this gloomy Scene away,
And wait the dawning of Eternal Day.

F I N I S.

